

# St. Anthony's Messenger.

ORGAN OF THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS

AND DEVOTED TO

THE INTERESTS OF THE HOLY FAMILY ASSOCIATION.

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(For ST. ANTHONY'S MESSENGER.)

## *St. Anthony of Padua.*

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*Favored wert thou, Saint Anthony,  
Jesus, the Blessed Child,  
Deigned, in His Love, to come to thee.—  
Mary, His Mother mild,  
Placed Him, her Treasure, in thine arms,  
Then was thy joy complete;  
Thrilled at the sight of His Baby charms,  
Thine was a rapture sweet!*

*Pure as the lily-flower thy heart;  
Fragrant thy days with grace,—  
Ever to us do thou impart  
Strength for each hour and place,  
So that our lives from wrong be free  
Until, when Death shall come,  
We may with Thee, eternally,  
Dwell in our Heav'nly Home!*

—Amadeus, O. S. F.

## The Tertiaries' Corner.

Let those who have to make their will dispose betimes of their property by bequest. (Rule, Chapt. II., §7.)



Y THIS injunction our Seraphic Father reminds his children in the world that the thought of death should make them detached beforehand from all their possessions, that they ought to use the things of this world as using them not (I. Cor., 7, 30), and that at the most they are but a beneficent channel for the faithful dispensing of what flows to it from the spring.

We meet with Tertiaries who are as much afraid of making their will as some people are of receiving Extreme Unction. But making their will does not hasten death any more than does the reception of Extreme Unction; on the contrary, it may prolong life by relieving our last hours of many a care, and it certainly helps to render them quieter and more peaceful. Again people are often afraid to make their will because they foresee that they may have to change it later, or to make little additions to it. To such a person we would observe that it is always easy to make necessary alterations, and that it is only the *last will and testament* which has any legal force.

Whilst considering this question of making a will, we may remark that it is not uncommon to meet with Tertiaries who have conceived an entirely wrong idea of the meaning of the word *detachment*. You ask them whether they are detached from all their possessions? and they will answer: "I could not deprive myself of the little I have in order to give it all to good work, because I have barely enough to live on."

These good children of St. Francis ought to know quite well that they can keep everything they have, and at the same time be *truly detached* if they use, what they have, prudently, which means in the way that Divine Providence has ordained that it should be used. In the same way a Tertiary must not imagine that the Rule *obliges* him to make his will in favor of good works. Of course, he ought to make the share that goes to the poor as large as he can, and support as much as he can by the amount of his legacies those Catholic institutions which can barely exist except by the spontaneous gifts of the faithful. He ought to consider, above all, his own spiritual interests, and not leave it to the mercy of his heirs to decide about the Masses to be said for the repose of his soul; but he must in the first place conform to the rules of the *natural right*, and make his will without grave detriment to those whom he is obliged to support by the distribution of his worldly goods. In the Encyclical Letter *Auspicato*, Pope Leo XIII. said that the Third Order has done a great deal of good for society in so strenuously upholding the legitimate use and preservation of private wealth. By taking the rule of



prudence as their guide, and consulting, if necessary, a responsible and judicious lawyer, a Catholic if possible, Tertiaries will contribute in their sphere to keeping their family in relative comfort, which is one condition of stability.

This article of the Holy Rule shows us the meaning of the Seraphic Patriarch on the subject of the detachment which Tertiaries living in the world, must practice. The Tertiary ought to think of himself as a traveler and a stranger here below, and that not in a speculative but in a practical manner. If he cannot leave all he has and give it to the poor, he must in the midst of the possessions and pleasures of this world keep his soul detached and free, in a body spiritualized by mortification. The thought of death, far from terrifying him, ought to be like the smile of a friend to him. Death will free him from the sad possibility of sinning; it will break his bonds and will take him to his Blessed Lord, never more to be separated from Him. But doubtless there is a mystery about death which is agony to all of us, a consequence of divine justice which fills us with terror. There are souls who care for nothing in this world except the fulfilling of God's holy will, who yet, when they have to face death, even though it be still far off, can scarcely overcome this fear. That fear is in their case a merciful purification, their purgatory is anticipated by it, they will see God the sooner and will gain an increase of eternal glory in the beatific vision, on account of having gone through this suffering. It may be said, speaking in a general way, that at the foot of the Cross of our Lord death has been made sweeter than life; and we ought all to endeavor to die looking the mystery of death boldly in the face with all its unforeseen circumstances. That will show us how to live the true life in our last moments.

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### **Making Others Happy.**

When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done—a left-off garment to the poor man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving; trifles in themselves light as air, will do it, at least for the twenty-four hours; and if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, it will send you gently and happily down the stream of human time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum, look at the result: You send one person, only one, happy through the day—that is, three hundred and sixty-five during the course of the year; and suppose you live only forty years after you commence that kind of good work, you have made fourteen thousand six hundred human beings happy, at all events for a time. Now, is not this simple? It is too short for a sermon, too homely for ethics, too easily accomplished for you to say: "I would, if I could."

(FOR ST. ANTHONY'S MESSENGER.)

## Franciscans in the Wilds and Wastes of the Navajo Country.

(By Rev. L. O., O. F. M.)

99.) *Zuñis, continued.*—*Religious beliefs of the Indians of the Southwest in general.—Scenes of man's first appearance upon earth.—Colors and sacred mountains.—Mythological animals.—Monotheism and Fetichism.—Zoolotry.—Influences of Indian religion.—The Indian a slave to superstitious fears and practices.*



FTER the general remarks on the religion of the Zuñis, made in the last article, it may be of interest to hear something on the religious impressions and conditions of the Indian tribes of the Southwest at the time of their discovery. The greater part of what follows is taken from the "Final Report of Investigations Among the Indians of the Southwestern United States, Carried on Mainly in the Years from 1880 to 1885." Part I, by A. F. Bandelier:

"The influence of natural scenes, of atmospheric phenomena, of the qualities, useful and baneful, of natural objects, on the religious beliefs and practices of the Indians of the Southwest is such, that one may feel tempted to think that that religion itself sprung up in the midst of a nature reflecting itself so strongly in the mental conceptions of man."

"The scenes of man's first appearance upon this earth are laid among the Pueblos and Navajos, in that Southwest which they inhabit today. What occurred previously is said to have been enacted below, and not on the surface of the earth, in distant countries. Still, this may be a 'myth of observation,' arising from the sight of growth in plants, and from the forms of mountains. But the peculiarly vivid tints of the skies have given rise to the characterizing of cardinal points by colors, and these colors again given in the most ancient myths to specific mountains, easily recognizable to this day. The regions beneath the surface of the earth mentioned in myths of the Pueblos and Navajos are naturally unrecognizable. These myths show at least that, if those Indians removed to their present homes from distant lands, it was so long ago that recollection has become exceedingly dim and ill-defined. The same may be said of their mythological animals. The earliest of these are shapes purely monstrous in part, but those which have become chief characters in the practices of today are well-known types of the present fauna."

"The creeds and beliefs of Southwestern tribes may have at one time possessed more elevated ideas; today these redeeming features are well-nigh obliterated, and it is the influence of a nature which man was unable to master that has done it. In order to save himself from that nature in



which he was compelled to live, the Indian strains all his faculties to soothe it by worship. If the Indian ever had a clear conception of monotheism, it is long forgotten, and the most slavish cringing before natural phenomena, the cause of which is inconceivable to him, has taken its place."

Dr. Washington Matthews, writing of the Navajo gods, says in *Some Deities and Demons of the Navajos*: "It is a difficult task to determine which of their gods is the most potent. Religion with them, as with many other peoples, reflects their own social conditions. Their government is a strict democracy. Chiefs are at best but elders, men of temporary and ill-defined influence, whom the youngest men in the tribe can contradict and defy. There is no highest chief in the tribe; hence their gods, as their men, stand much on a level of equality." "What the Pueblo Indian mentions as a supreme God," continues Mr. Bandelier, "is the Christian God, but this supreme power is strictly apart from the real Pueblo creed. I have noticed this often, and very plainly, in my conversations with them, as well as in the rites which I witnessed."

Idolatry is not even an adequate term for it; it is a Fetichism of the grossest kind, and so complicated, so systematized, that an appeal to one particular natural object, to one specific deified feature or phenomenon, can be resorted to and is resorted to, in every circumstance of human life." Frank H. Cushing, in *Zuñi Fetiches*, says: "The A-shi-wi, or Zuñis, suppose the sun, moon and stars, the sky, earth and sea, in all their phenomena and elements, and all inanimate objects, as well as plants, animals and men, to belong to one great system of all-conscious and inter-related life, in which the degrees of relationship seem to be determined largely, if not wholly, by the degrees of resemblance. In this system of life the starting point is man, the most finished, yet the lowest organism; at least the lowest, because most dependent, and most helpless. In just as far as an organism, actual or imaginary, resembles his, it is believed to be related to him, and correspondingly mortal; in just as far as it is mysterious is it considered removed from him, further advanced, powerful and immortal."

"Indian religion bows to the seasons for its rites, it borrows from them and from atmospheric phenomena its symbols. It places animals on a footing of equality with mankind,—often even they are recognized as his superiors, and placed before him as models of conduct. Indian religion assumes utter helplessness on the part of man within the natural realm; it excuses crimes on that account, and denies retribution beyond the grave. It teaches no fatalism, because for every evil there is a remedy within nature itself, which has a supernatural effect as soon as properly applied. There is something like a poetic hue cast over some elements of their religion, but this poesy is not derived from the creed, it is rather a

lost echo from a time when man knew better, and felt differently,—a complaint that such times are gone! There is no greater slave than the Indian. Every motion of his is guided by superstition, every action of his neighbor suspiciously scrutinized. We wonder at many strange actions of the Indian, at what seems to us a lack of consistency, of truthfulness, an absence of moral consciousness. We punish him for crimes which he commits without any regret whatever about the consequences of his misdeed. In this we fail to understand the motives of the Indian. He is not his own master. Nature, deified by him to the extent of innumerable personalities and principles, exacts from him the conduct that we blame. His religion, notwithstanding the promise of coarse felicity which it holds out beyond the grave, reduces him to utter helplessness so long as he has not crossed the threshold of death, makes him a timid, fettered being, anxiously listening to the voices of nature for advice. These voices stifle the silent throbs of conscience; they are no guide to the heart, no support for the mind.”

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### **Advice to Catholic Parents.**

Parents, I exhort you, in the name of the holy religion you profess, in the name of your country, which expects you to rear up, not scourges of society, but honorable and law-abiding members; I ask you, in the name of that God who requires you to have your offspring fed with the healthy nourishment of sound doctrine; I ask you, in the name of your own eternal salvation and of the souls committed to your charge, for which you will have to render a strict account, to provide for your children at home a sound religious and moral education. “If anyone have not care of his own, and especially those of his house, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel.” I exhort you also to co-operate as far as possible with the clergy in their efforts to establish and maintain Catholic parochial schools; and then a subject of joy and consolation it will be to you in your declining years when you reflect that you will leave after you children who will inherit not only your name, but also your virtues and your faith. How gratifying it will be to you to hope that when you are gone, when the place you now occupy in church shall be vacated by you, it will be filled by your sons and daughters, who will perpetuate your memory. And your children when they enter the temple of God and recall to mind that to you, under God, they owe not only their life, but their faith, will remember you with gratitude. “They will rise up and call you blessed.”—*Cardinal Gibbons.*

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—IT BELONGS to our humble heart to be docile and acquiesce readily in the good advice or admonitions it receives.—*Ven. Julienne Morel.*



(FOR ST. ANTHONY'S MESSENGER.)

## **The Venerable Fr. Antonio Margil, O. F. M.**

(By ESPERANZA.)

### VIII. AN EXACT OBSERVER OF THE HOLY RULE OF ST. FRANCIS.



WE SHOULD suppose that Fr. Antonio, after living so many years outside a religious community giving missions or wandering about among wild tribes, would have forgotten the routine of the various exercises. He seems to have thought as much, for on entering a convent or monastery he would ask the forbearance of the Friars in case he should commit errors or should be found wanting in regularity. However, owing to the fact that he, as much as possible, continued the observance of all the little regulations as well as the more important rules, no matter where he was, the religious noticed that Fr. Margil felt himself at home the moment he took part in any exercise, just as though he had not for years missed any of them. This aroused much comment and excited emotions of fervor in even the less ardent.

The remark is sometimes heard that little things, little rubrics, little ceremonies, little regulations, little carelessnesses, are of no moment, and may be disregarded at will. Such is not the doctrine of the Holy Spirit, nor of Christ, our Lord. "He that despises little things, will by little and little fall into greater." "He that is unfaithful in little things, is also unfaithful in greater," are well-known Bible truths. They are also the sentiments of all the Saints, and all those that aspire to please God. St. Teresa was wont to say that she would have her head cut off rather than omit the inclination at the Gloria Patri. Would the Saints have become Saints, if they had paid little attention to little things? The chances are that they would have found their places in the lower regions whither countless souls have gone and are going for nothing more, to begin with, than contempt for little things, little rules, little faults, little occasions. True, only mortal sins condemn to hellfire; but those that aspire to holiness and expect to reach heaven stop infinitely short of mortal sin. "Take care of the pennies, and the dollars will take care of themselves," is an old saw in commercial affairs. It holds equally good in its way in spiritual things. Fr. Antonio knew that close attention to the little things of spiritual life is the only way to perfection. Hence he was the exact religious whether outside or inside the convent walls.

Naturally, a man of such high aspirations as Fr. Antonio could not rest satisfied with the observance of what was prescribed. He arose at eleven o'clock at night, when he would read a chapter from the "Mystical

City of God," by Blessed Mary de Ágreda, and then he would be lost in prayer until the community assembled for Matins, Lauds and meditation at twelve. After the Friars had retired he would make the Stations of the Cross, all the while bearing a heavy cross on his shoulders. On the feasts of the Blessed Virgin he would vary this by reciting the fifteen decades of the Rosary, pausing at each division to meditate. The rest of the night was passed in reading spiritual works and in prayer until the hour of the morning office.

In his younger days, to show the simplicity of the man, he, by permission, would make the Stations of the Cross in the garden of the convent. Numerous mosquitoes rendered the exercise exceedingly painful, the more so, as he allowed every insect to gratify itself as it would. The result was that in the morning his hands and face at times were swollen out of shape.

As a rule, Fr. Margil fasted every day of the year except Sunday. Soup, such as it was, and herbs were his only food. He used neither meat nor fish at any time. On the vigils of our Lord, Blessed Virgin and other feasts, he would appear before the community bearing a heavy cross, a rope around his neck, and a crown of thorns on his tonsured head, acknowledge his faults and beg forgiveness and a penance from the presiding Father. It is customary in warm countries to retire for the *siesta* or nap after dinner. Fr. Antonio would not gratify his body in that way, but passed the time allotted in reading or praying.

Notwithstanding these austerities, the servant of God was kindness itself towards his brethren and subjects, though he would not tolerate any infraction of the Rules of St. Francis or the Apostolic Constitutions under which the Friars of missionary colleges lived. It goes without saying that such fervent example on the part of their superior excited the Friars to the highest aspirations. Even now, after two centuries, as the writer had occasion to observe in Mexico, the Franciscans hold in great reverence whatever practice Fr. Margil was said to have introduced. Nevertheless, there were those that occasionally gave ear to the suggestions of the evil spirit. In pity for them Almighty God would make the state of their mind known to His faithful servant, who was thus enabled to baffle the designs of the powers of darkness.

Thus on one occasion a certain Friar was much pestered with the desire to return to his province in Spain, though he had volunteered for the American missions and must continue for ten years. All his efforts to overcome the temptation seemed useless, nor had he the courage to reveal his trouble to the good Fr. Guardian or anyone else. While thus harassed, Fr. Antonio suddenly entered the cell of the tormented religious and said: "How is it, brother, that you worry about going back to Spain? Stay where you are. It is here that the Lord wants you, and



here you will die a happy death." The Friar, much consoled, resolved to persevere and died a precious death only five years later.

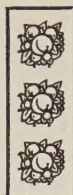
The brother who collected the alms for the community was a most mortified man. He would make a scanty meal of vegetables only, without any seasoning. The consequence was a weak stomach. One day while questing, overcome with pain and weakness, he accepted a little wine at the house of a benefactor. Fr. Antonio heard of it, and forbade him to drink wine before seculars, though he might have all he needed in the monastery. The brother obeyed; but one day very much fatigued he again accepted a little wine which a pious woman offered him. Remembering the injunction of his superior, however, he would not drink it on the spot. He left the place, and when he had reached a shady tree away from every human habitation, he thought himself justified to drink the wine as no secular person was present. On arriving at the college he as usual knelt to receive the Fr. Guardian's blessing. We may imagine the simple brother's surprise when he heard Fr. Antonio addressing him thus: "Brother, have you never heard of the proverb that trees have ears? What made you think that no one saw you drink wine? Is it thus you trample upon my commands?"

One more instance, and we shall close. A novice was greatly tempted to leave the convent and return to his relatives. He finally resolved to depart. For this purpose he secretly procured a suit of secular clothes, hid them under his mantle, and then approached Fr. Antonio to make known his determination. The good Father happened to stand in the doorway when the youth drew near. Without waiting to hear what the novice had to tell, the servant of God said: "Brother, go back to the novitiate; give yourself to God; leave the clothes where you obtained them; embrace the Cross of Christ and be resigned to His will. On the road to heaven we do not feast on delicacies." The astonished young man obeyed, became a good religious and famous missionary.



### **The Habit of Criticism.**

No tendency of mind or speech is more fatal to a temper of kindness than a habit of criticism. Much of our criticism of friends and relatives is thoughtless and impulsive. We do not like the way they do it, and we impetuously say so. The habit easily degenerates into censoriousness, and before we are ever aware we have grown sharp, disagreeable and uncharitable. A good rule is to say nothing unkind of anyone at any time. If this be life's undeviating custom and the law of kindness be ever on our lips, we shall not fall into the temptation to criticise, or if we do, we shall easily overcome it.



## Pious Union in Honor ..of the.. Holy Ghost

"We earnestly desire that piety may increase and be inflamed towards the Holy Ghost to whom especially all of us owe the grace of following the paths of truth and virtue." POPE LEO XIII, *Encyclical*, May 9, 1897.



### A New Series of Short Instructions.

(By Rev. Fr. J. M. FINIGAN, O. S. F. C.)

#### V. Gratitude to the Holy Ghost.



GRATITUDE for past favors ensures future ones. Always and everywhere are we in need of God's help and assistance both for body as well as soul. To praise and thank God, therefore, for sending the Holy Ghost Who bestows so many graces and fruits upon men, is only right and just. It would be a mistake, however, for us to think that the Holy Ghost in coming to the Apostles and those Saints, canonized by the Church, whose holy lives and deeds call forth our admiration, came to these only; for the Holy Ghost comes to us also at our Baptism, and again at our Confirmation. Each time also we make a worthy confession and holy Communion, we again are united with Him in grace and charity. In fact it is necessary that He Who is Charity, should give Himself to us, to enable us to love God, as without charity we cannot love Him.

The Holy Ghost is given us, that He may dwell in our souls, that He may keep our hearts ever inflamed with His holy love. If we sincerely wish that the Holy Ghost, our Pledge of future happiness in the life to come, should ever abide with us, we must preserve in our heart a tender *devotion to Him*, and be mindful of His Presence within us. We must allow Him to regulate our desires; we should permit Him to withdraw our affections from sinful objects, we must let Him free us from the servitude of our unruly passions; then "the Holy Ghost," says St. Anthony of Padua, "uniting the soul with Himself, renders it chaste and fruitful, chaste in the purity of its mind and heart, and fruitful in good works."

Let us remember that all excess, all that is superfluous in the use of the conveniences of life, render futile many a visit of the Holy Ghost. The Holy Spirit of God is a spirit of discretion and wisdom, extremes are not encouraged by Him, not even in piety. Let the Holy Ghost teach us to think more modestly of ourselves and more humbly likewise, and, by frequent earnest desires of our hearts, permit Him to lead us henceforth in the way of recollection and prayer, and retirement for this is the interior and spiritual life which will amply prove our gratitude to God.



for His many favors and graces, and distinguish us as a true lover of Jesus Christ from the lovers of this world of darkness and sin.

N. B.—To become a member of the "Pious Union," send stamped envelope with your address thereon, to the Rev. Fr. Superior, O. M. Cap., St. Anthony's Mission, Mendocino, Cal.

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### **Beginning of the Franciscan Order.**

After St. Francis of Assisi had renounced the world and found that a number of his former friends began to fall in line with his way of thinking, he made the resolution of forming a society by the aid of which the Kingdom of God might be served, and the individual members might be strengthened in Faith and confirmed in virtue. He set to work, and after much prayer, drew up a set of articles, which he destined to be the Constitution of this new Society. As he wished to have this institution strictly in conformity with the will of the Apostolic See, he with some of his companions proceeded to Rome, and solicited from Innocent III., the then reigning Pontiff, an approval of this new Rule.

After some hesitation—because of the austereness of said Rule—His Holiness finally acquiesced and gave his oral consent, to start the society thus planned by the saint.

This seems to have occurred in May, 1209. The exact date of this approval is difficult to determine; for, on the one hand, the writers of the middle ages paid less attention to the chronology than the writers of our days; and, on the other, it is to be remembered that different countries and even cities, retained a calculus of their own, and thus were not in conformity with others of their own contemporaries.

The written approbation of this Rule, however, was given in 1224 by Pope Honorius III., being the eighth of his reign.

Since St. Francis was born in 1182, and founded his Order at the age of 27, and died at the age of 44, on the 3d of October, 1226, he himself passed 17 years in the Order which he had called to life, and as in life, so in death, he stands forth, as one of the brilliant stars of virtue, which spread their lustre of sanctity even far beyond the grave. H. T.

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—CONDESCENDING to the humor of others, bearing with rudesome and tiresome manners on the part of our neighbor, victories over our own humors and passions, renouncing our smallest inclinations, efforts against our aversions and repugnances, a continual endeavor to maintain the peace of our Lord, a kind and amiable manner of receiving censures upon our condition, our life, our conversation, are all more fruitful to our Souls than we can imagine, provided love for God be the motive which animates us.—*St. Francis de Sales.*



(FOR ST. ANTHONY'S MESSENGER.)

## Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.



DEVOTION to the Sacred Heart is nothing new in the Catholic Church. From the very moment the cruel soldier under the cross pierced this noble heart of Jesus, it has become the source of love and devotion in the Church. But there was at a time a certain sect, especially strong in France, in Belgium and the near countries, which proclaimed a doctrine quite contrary to the teaching of the Church. The Jansenists, as they were called, were so severe in their teachings, that but few people could expect to go to heaven. They saw but the stern Judge and lost sight of the loving Redeemer! This they expressed in the pictures of the crucifixion, in which the arms of Our Savior were not outstretched as usually seen, but hanging down straight, so as to preclude the idea that He died for all! To counteract this baneful teaching, the Church renewed the devotion to the Sacred Heart. The words of our dear Lord to Blessed Margaret Alacoque plainly indicate the motive of this devotion: "Behold the heart that has loved man so much!" Here love is given as the cause, and for no other reason than to fill our hearts with confidence should we have offended God by sin. There is no word of rejecting the sinner, no word of damnation for the poor, unfortunate child of God that has gone astray. Look at the wonderful changes that have taken place in the hearts of millions of sinners through this devotion, and you will understand why the Church has revived it at a time when the devil and his agents were working so hard to drive men to despair. Think of yourself and the consolation you have derived from this devotion, and you will understand why it is the devotion of our times!

What is the predominating sin of our times? Is it not selfishness? How little do you really love your parents? Think of the millions of little offenses against them that go to prove that your love is far from being perfect. What is human friendship? A spider web, woven so fine and carefully that it meets with admiration from all sides. And this web is easily torn, and alas, is often used to get some temporal reward or recog-



nition, just as the spider does not weave her web for pastime, but for profit!

People can bring the greatest sacrifices, nay, almost cease to be human beings, just to make a few dollars. They do not mind muddy boots and shoes, nor starvation and long journeys, just to get the money they are craving for. But these same people find it too hard to go a few blocks to hear Holy Mass, to fast an hour or so to receive Holy Communion: a little sprinkling of rain might spoil their fine clothes, but for the spoiling of the garment of innocence they care little or nothing. So you see, there is a great deal of pride and self-love in this world. And to counteract it, our hearts are turned to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and we hear the loving words from the lips of our Savior: "Come to Me, if you are burdened and I will refresh you!"

Just see the numberless sinners every Saturday afternoon and night crowding around the confessional, and there at the source of mercy finding the peace, of which they have been robbed through sin. Here is no selfishness; here is no partiality; here is no particular friendship. Where would you find a person in this world that is friendly to everybody? Where is there a person that would love his enemies as much as his friends, and no matter how grievous the offense and how often repeated the crime, would increase his love toward such a one? This very point leads me to say, that if Christ is filled with such burning love for us, the main thing in our devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus must be the love of God and true love of our neighbor. Without this love of our neighbor we are not children of the Sacred Heart, for this heart loves all mankind and makes no distinction of person.

Secondly, if it is undeniably true, that the best proof that Christ loved us is given in the Blessed Sacrament, we must love the Holy Eucharist. We must be eager to receive it quite frequently, for it is the bread of life, the nourishment of the soul. As it is a bad sign, if the stomach refuses to take food, so it is a bad sign if the Christian must be compelled to receive this spiritual bread of life! Must I tell a mother to nurse her child? Must a mother tell the child that it must love its mother? If we claim to love the Sacred Heart of Jesus, we cannot be negligent in all things that pertain to the Blessed Sacrament. The altar linens, the sacred vessels, the tabernacle, how holy are they to the conscientious priest? And why should the people care less for the Blessed Sacrament, why should it not be a sin for them if they do not love what is most lovable in the whole religion of Christ? Kings and princes deemed it an honor to serve Holy Mass, and some of our children are too lazy to come for this honor, and often, too, because their own parents make nothing of missing Holy Mass, and even though they go, do not know how to kill time, for Mass seems to last an eternity to such cold Christians!

Let us visit our dear Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, for loving hearts are happy in each other's company. Our visits need not be long; make them short and sweet. In this manner can we atone for all the ingratitude, the coldness, the contempt which our dear Lord meets with every day, not only from infidels and heathens, but also from such who call themselves His elect children, from such who have never failed to hear the praise of this loving heart sung, but who failed to understand the sacrifice of Christ in coming into this world, and hence never appreciated it as they should.

How happy shall we be, if we follow in the footprints of our Lord, and loving His Sacred Heart keep our own heart free of sin and thereby gain the friendship of the Son of God, the love of the Father and of the Holy Ghost and make ourselves worthy of heaven, the home of the Blessed.

B. B.

### **Miraculously Cured at Lourdes.**



ERNE GAELL, a writer in the *Nouvelliste de Bordeaux*, gives a graphic account of perhaps the most wonderful cure in the long list of remarkable cures at Lourdes that have baffled men of science for fifty years past. We give here a brief summary of the facts in this case.

Ernestine Guilleateau was a strong, vigorous, healthy young woman of about twenty-three years of age. In February, 1906, she was laid low with tubercular peritonitis. She was bed-ridden for two months, never fully regaining strength. This was followed by enteritis and tuberculosis. She could now take no solid nourishment; being confined to a diet of milk and "tisanes" or diet-drinks. After some months even the milk was abandoned. She continued in service as chambermaid in a house at Thouars, France; dragging herself painfully about in the performance of her duties.

But on February 11, 1908, she succumbed entirely. The tuberculosis had spread through her system and invaded the intestines. Her entire body was devoured by the implacable disease, which spread with frightful rapidity. Soon it was impossible to move her on her bed; the slightest touch causing intense suffering. Her attending physician, Dr. Valla-Brochart, states in his medical certificate that many physicians whom he consulted "declared the affection absolutely tuberculous, and developed to such an extent as to render any intervention useless."

On April 13th Ernestine was taken to the hospital at Niort, where she was declared incurable. A physician having proposed an operation, Dr. Colon refused, declaring that the decomposed tissues would fall apart



at the least touch. The frightful malady ate into her obstinately, taking possession of all the vital parts of the stomach and intestines. Taken back to her home, her physician marveled that life could continue in a body already in a state of decomposition. From the month of May she fell into swoons which lasted for days, with short lucid intervals. Death seemed to play with its victim.

In August she begged to join the pilgrimage from Poitou to Lourdes. Her request was complied with by her mother, despite loud protests from many who denounced the "folly" and "crime" of moving her in such a pitiable condition. When she reached Lourdes, on August 23, 1908, she weighed about forty-six pounds, her thigh measuring about eight inches in circumference. For several months her physicians had used hypodermic injections to sustain life.

During the procession of the Blessed Sacrament at Lourdes, on August 27th, she remained seemingly dead. That night they thought she was dying. At two o'clock the prayers for the dying were recited over her. But, at five o'clock in the morning, her mother, lying close to her, suddenly caught the faint whisper: "I wish to return to the grotto." Despite the doctor's vigorous protests, they decided to obey. At eight o'clock on the morning of August 28th they returned to the grotto, carrying Ernestine, now once more apparently a lifeless corpse. A deathlike immobility has again taken possession of her. Prayers pour forth; hymns break out about her; invocations, imperious and supplicating, resound on all sides.

Mass is just finished. The Blessed Sacrament is re-entering the church. Heads are bowed in silent adoration. Ernestine's mother, bowed down with the rest, raises her head once more. Her startled gaze rests upon the empty litter; and before her, standing erect, is her daughter's skeleton, resting lightly on the arm of a litter-bearer, and walking towards the Church of the Holy Rosary. Following her is a rapidly increasing crowd, singing a triumphal "Magnificat," in an uproar of enthusiasm.

A mere skeleton of dry bones covered with the tightly-drawn skin, without flesh and seemingly without muscles, Ernestine enters the bureau of verifications, and presents herself before the assembled physicians for examination, which is a long one. She moves about, apparently without muscles, the natural means of locomotion; she speaks, sits down, bends herself, performing all the vital acts of a healthy body.

At length Dr. Boissarie, usually so reserved, cautious and non-committal, presents her to the five bishops who happen to be present, with the simple statement: "This is not a cure; it is a resurrection!"

And, when Rene Gaëll saw her two weeks later in her own home, she was still a living skeleton; but the blood was beginning to circulate

freely, the flesh was beginning to cover the bones, and local physicians were watching, with intense interest, day by day, her convalescence and steady advance toward normal health and strength.—*Catholic Union and Times.*

(FOR ST. ANTHONY'S MESSENGER.)

## Plain Truths Plainly Told.



OW, of course, not all damaging books, magazines, newspapers, pamphlets, periodicals and cheap novels are equally bad, and for some of them we hear apologies.

Some boys and young men—well, other men and—yes,—women, too,—young and old—read some kind of literature for “no other object than that of the barefooted schoolboy who makes a squirt up between his toes, he simply

*“Enjoys the sensation.”*

The reading of such literature, light and seemingly not so very damaging to good morals or objectional to good taste, is strengthening to the mind as drinking sweetened wind out of a toy balloon is to the body. And we recall a little story of an editor, who, when a kid, asked his sister for paper to build a kite, and she gave him a copy of the—please to excuse to give here the name of the light sheet—advising him at the same time to “tie a grindstone to it for a tail, it being,” she said, “the lightest thing in literature.”

“Sentimental literature,” says the already quoted Dr. Kellogg, “whether impure in its subject matter or not, has a direct tendency in the direction of impurity. The stimulation of the emotional nature, the instilling of sentimental ideas into the minds of the young, has a tendency to turn the thoughts into a channel which leads in the direction of the formation of vicious habits. The reading of works of fiction is one of the most pernicious habits to which a young person can become devoted. When the habit is once thoroughly fixed, it becomes as inveterate as the use of liquor or opium. The novel-devotee is as much a slave as the opium-eater or the inebriate. The reading of fictitious literature destroys the taste for sober, wholesome reading, and imparts an unhealthy stimulus to the mind, the effect of which is in the highest degree damaging.”

Yet this is the kind of literature thousands of our boys and young men—say!—look at your sisters!—are reading

*“Just to pass away the time.”*

Now, let me tell you: You have no time to “pass away.” Life is very short at best, and every moment should be well applied to something



good. Remember, you must on the day of judgment give a strict account of every moment of your life; for every moment of your life is a gift of God; and, consequently, you have no right, you cannot be justified to "pass away or waste time," which is equally to "kill time," as some say.

Permit me to quote another non-Catholic—just to convince our boys and young men what educated and good-spirited men outside of the Catholic clergy think of the reading of bad literature.

Says the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage: "You may tear your coat or break a vase, and repair it again; but the point where the rip or fracture took place will always be evident. It takes less than an hour to do your heart a damage which no time can entirely repair. Look carefully over your child's library; see what book it is that he reads, after he has gone to bed. Do not always take it for granted that a book is good because it is a Sunday-school book. As far as possible, know who wrote it, who illustrated it, who published it, who sold it. It seems that in the literature of the day the ten plagues of Egypt have returned, and the frogs and lice have hopped and skipped over our parlor tables. Parents are delighted to have their children read, but they should be sure as to what they read. You do not have to walk a day or two in an infected district to get the cholera or typhoid fever; and one wave of moral unhealth will fever and blast the soul forever. Perhaps, knowing not what you did, you read a bad book. Do you not remember it altogether? Yes; and perhaps you will never get over it.

*However strong or exalted*

your character, never read a bad book. By the time you get through the first chapter you will see the drift. If you find the marks of the hoofs of the devil in the picture, or in the style, or in the plot, away with it! But there is more danger, I think, from many of the family papers, published once a week, in those stories of vice and shame, full of infamous suggestions, going as far as they can without exposing themselves to the clutch of the law. I name none of them; but say that on some fashionable tables there lie 'family papers' that are the very vomit of the pit."

Indeed, no pure-minded boy or young man—or anybody for all that—ever takes bad literature of any kind in his hands except to put it into the fire; and particularly many "family newspapers" and "Sunday morning newspapers" are best fitted to start the kitchen-fire for the Sunday morning coffee—it's pretty "hot stuff." Yes, should be "hot stuff" enough to send the editors behind the prison bars, where they could serve their country best "chewing their dirty rag."

In one of its reports the Prison Association of New York says: "Good men have ever lamented the pernicious influence of a depraved and perverted literature. But such literature has never been so systematically

and widely diffused as at the present time. This is owing to two causes, its cheapness and the facility of conveyance by steamboats and rail car. A very large proportion of the works thus put in circulation are of the worst character, tending to corrupt the principles, to inflame the passions, to excite impure desire and to spread a blight over all the powers of the soul. Brothels are recruited from this more than any other source. Those who search the trunks of convicted criminals are almost sure to find in them one or more of these works, and few prisoners who can read at all fail to enumerate among the causes which led them into crime, the unhealthy stimulus of this depraved and pernicious literature."

Now, my boy and young man, what kind of books or literature have you in your trunk? Yes, and why do you keep it in hiding? Undoubtedly, if it is a shame to let others see it, it is no less shame for you to read it! Do you make it a matter of confession? And while you read in the bright gas or electric light in your room, in seclusion, at bed-time, door locked, transom securely covered, do you not hear the rustle of wings of the dark spirits surrounding you? Do you not hear or notice the warning reproaches of your struggling conscience? Oh! you hear footsteps, a knock at your door—you're frightened; you're trembling; ashamed, you fling the book or literature out of sight. Leave it there, or take it in your hand only for the one sure and proper purpose—to turn it into ashes by means of a dead-sure destroying fire!

And now, the value, joy and beauty of good literature and pure books! Milton says: "A good book is the precious lifeblood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond." "A wise man," says Langford, "will select his books, for he would not wish to class them all under the sacred name of friends. Some can be accepted only as acquaintances. The best books of all kinds are taken to the heart and cherished as his most precious possessions." Many Saints—and among them St. Ignatius—owe their conversion, their holiness and sanctity to the reading of a good book.

Oh, yes, just by the way: Have you a

*Catholic Weekly*

in the house? A Catholic newspaper would make a good, wholesome, instructive and edifying Sunday reading. Every Catholic ought to be posted on the Catholic news of the day. You find the Catholic news in the other newspapers, too (?)! You do? When our present President Taft, was appointed Governor of the Philippine Islands, he first went to Rome, and at the Catholic authorities he asked for information, and, perhaps, instructions for the settlement of the Catholic Church affairs on those islands. None but bigoted fanatics could—and did—criticise him for going to the proper ecclesiastical authorities; he knew his business,



he acted diplomatically, prudent, because he wished to do justice in such a difficult and delicate matter. Now, if you wish to be posted on Catholic news, you must get them from Catholic sources, from Catholic newspapers. You need not be a great diplomat, common sense—horse-sense some would say—will tell you that you cannot get satisfactory information and reliable instructions on medics in a barber-shop, although the masters of the razor are proverbially as talkative as our editors of the daily press. Our daily press furnishes proofs of ignorance concerning Catholic truths, Catholic services, Catholic ceremonies and Catholic news that merely bounds upon “editorial gall.”

In every Catholic family a Catholic Weekly should be as indispensable as a practical cook who furnishes good and frugal meals for the nourishment of the body. Next to the prayer-book and the “Lives of the Saints” nothing is more inspiring for a religious and genuine Christian life than a solid Catholic Weekly!

Boys and young men! One nickel a week less for another cigar will cover the expense of such a useful weekly!

Again, in every well established parish you are almost certain, without an exception, to find a Catholic library, where you can get good reading, something decent, something good, something edifying, instructing and educating. Why, then, go to the public libraries? Stay on your own Catholic pasture! Feast upon your home clover-patch, and shun that unutterable longing and aching and craving of a foolish calf contemplating the dewy clover-patch through the fence-rail!

I will not listen to your excuses: “What harm can there be in reading this or that book? I read that book just for the sake of its fine style; I am old enough and have sense enough not to harm me, and to know what is right or wrong.” The Holy Scripture says: “He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool.” Prov. 28, 26.

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### Habit.

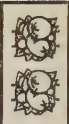
Habit plays a great part in the formation of character. We have only to set in motion those actions which form character and they will go for themselves. Our acts are endowed with a kind of perpetual motion. Once started they go on forever. Life is an infinite succession of little actions and whatever direction these actions take in the beginning they will continue to follow. It is difficult to divert the course of actions that have been performed for years. Habit, then, may be made our best friend, but if we are not careful it will become our worst enemy.

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—THE child can never perish who remains in the arms of a Father who is almighty.—*St. Francis de Sales.*



# For Our Young Folks



## Trust in Prayer.

(Written for ST. ANTHONY'S MESSENGER by B.)

### CHAPTER I.—GREAT EXCITEMENT.



STELLE! ESTELLE CARRINGTON! What do you think has happened? O you'd never guess it," exclaimed a beautiful young girl, flushed and excited.

"Dear me, Irma, what is the excitement? Sit down and let us hear the wonderful tidings."

"Wonderful? that's what it is; amazing! astounding!"

"I am ready to be impressed, to marvel, too," replied Estelle.

"You will, I'm sure," continued the young girl, eagerly. "You know the gorgeous diamonds displayed at La Roche's?"

"Why, of course; didn't we have ecstasies, both of us, when gazing on those exquisite diamonds?"

"Glorious diamonds! and now can you imaginé for a moment"—

"What, Irma? they could not decrease neither in size nor beauty, and happily they could not wither and die like the fragrant gems of garden and bower."

"No, something worse has come to pass; the largest and rarest of the collection, The Imperial Diamond, has disappeared!" exclaimed Irma, excitedly.

"Disappeared? How could it disappear? That is inexplicable. There were guards to the right, guards to the left, guards to the rear, like Tennyson's 'Famous six Hundred.'"

"And notwithstanding all these precautions the Imperial has disappeared, and such a panic! They say detectives are just pouring into the town."

"Have a care, Irma, they may call on us; we were such enthusiastic admirers of the gems."

"I hope it won't be quite that bad," smiled Irma, "but are there no suspicions as yet?"

"No," answered Irma, reflectively. "The stone was certainly very tempting to the lapidary, and even more so to the professional lifter. Everyone is sure that the diamond has been stolen. What is your opinion of these detectives?" she asked abruptly.

"I cannot endure them; they're forever on the wrong track and always causing no end of trouble, besides they remind me of bloodhounds, and have just as little mercy," replied Estelle.

"As Reginald holds a responsible position at La Roche's, he, no doubt, shares our excitement," volunteered Irma.

"Well, I cannot say. Indeed, he appears to be in a brown study and away off in thoughts o'er the blue," explained Estelle.

"Now, how does that strike you?" inquired her friend."

A faint flush dyed the fair, rounded cheek as she raised her expressive eyes in surprise.

"O you don't need to look like that, Reggie only wants to show his superior masculine wisdom by his reticence," commented Irma, smiling.

"But where is Robert? I have not seen him for let me see"—inquired Estelle.

"About forty-eight hours by the clock," replied Irma. "He left on the 3:30 flyer for the East on pressing business."

"The call must have been sudden. I imagine he partakes of Reginald's distaste for keeping young ladies posted concerning the intricacies of business," which these poor things, of course, could not unravel. "But, dearest," she continued, hastily, "I must be off immediately. I have an engagement for 5 P. M., and just look at the leaps that restless clock is taking."

"Goodby, darling, and don't, don't on your peril neglect dropping in tomorrow after service, for to service you will go, I am sure, you unaccountably pious maiden," laughed Irma.

"How you talk, Irma, but really I wish you would try my plan of attending service more frequently. Rest assured, the purest, deepest joy comes to the heart at the foot of the altar," said Estelle, gravely.

"Not yet, I must see a little more of life," and with a loving caress she tripped fleetly down the broad marble stairway.

Estelle Carrington and Irma Ferguson were friends of long standing; devoted friends, although so different in their characteristics and aspirations.

Estelle belonged to an old wealthy and Catholic family, Irma averred that her folks, one and all, herself included, had at one time belonged to the big church. A series of lucky speculations had brought the Fergusons unlooked-for wealth, upon which social position was soon accorded.

Mr. Carrington was inclined to look upon the family as a parvenu and at first rather discouraged the growing intimacy, but Irma was so bright, so attractive, and Robert so frank and manly, that he at length withdrew his opposition.

Mrs. Carrington's chief objection at first was the difference in religion, but Estelle hoped to win her friend by prayer and kindness to higher and holier views of life and its responsibilities, and her hopes were fulfilled. Robert appeared to be a model young man, possessed of great



business tact, and true as steel. Still there was always an undercurrent of dissatisfaction in the mind of Mrs. Carrington at the growing friendship. Why could not her son and daughter choose their friends in their own circle, social and religious? Ah, the heart is a wayward thing, hard to discipline, when faith is not its lode star.

"Mama," exclaimed Estelle, "did you hear the wonderful story of the magical disappearance of the La Roche diamond?" Her mother had not heard, and Estelle eagerly gave her all the details in her possession.

"It is strange, very strange, my dear," replied her mother thoughtfully.

"Yes, and not the slightest clue, although hosts of detectives are at work."

"They will ferret it out, never fear, my dear, and perhaps this discovery may bring many a trusting heart bitter grief, and cover many a proud head with shame," said Mr. Carrington, gravely.

"I don't believe that, the theft was surely perpetrated by some base thief."

## CHAPTER II.—GOSSIPS BUSY.

MR. LA ROCHE, the senior partner, was seated in his private office in deep thought. Larry, the porter, entered hastily with a telegram. La Roche scanned the contents eagerly, then threw it aside with an air of disgust. "Blockheads, every one of them! No clue whatever. What are you waiting for, Larry?" he asked, irritably.

"Nothin', but orders, if you got any, sir."

"I'll summon you, if I need you," and he turned away impatiently. On second thought, however, he called out, in an altered tone: "Hold on, Larry; you're around a good deal?"

"Sometimes, sir, I do be."

"And you hear—"

"Oh, lots, sir."

"About what—eh?"

"Heaps of things; but just now everybody's got nothin' to talk about but them big diamonds what's been swiped."

"Do they say who swiped them?"

"Everybody says some other fellow took them."

"Well, who, for instance?" asked the chief, in wonderful condescension.

"This morning I heard Briggs and Jones whisperin' mighty excited like. I wasn't listening, of course, but I couldn't help hearin'."

"Certainly; you were too honest for that." He smiled, for he knew his old Larry was a sharper; maybe he was a track ahead of the detectives.

"Well, sir, they talked a heap; but mebbe I had ought to keep mum—might get into trouble."

La Roche made a gesture of impatience. "Out with it, man—out with it!"

"Well, sir," Larry answered, haltingly, "haint it a bit queer that Bob Ferguson bolted as soon as the rumpus about the diamonds started?"

"Robert Ferguson left the city?" asked La Roche, quickly.

"So Briggs said; and his governor don't know, neither, where he's gone to; and he was plumb crazy about them diamonds, too."

The jeweler's suspicions were suddenly aroused. Larry saw it; his cunning eyes were fixed on his employer.

"So, so; is that what the gossips say? They're foul of the mark this time. Ferguson is a fine young gentleman," said La Roche.

"Yes, sir; that he is; just like Carrington. What do you think, sir; he hasn't a word nor a smile for nobody since Bob, as they call him, skedaddled."

"They, as you call them, your gossips, had better let the detectives work; they don't understand the business."

"Mebbe not, sir," said Larry, with a cunning leer; "but sometimes what folks is looking for, far away, they could find right at home."

"Take care, Larry, or you'll be searched; no one was closer to the missing diamonds than yourself," and he turned to his work, while Larry retreated, grumbling. "H'm! some folks often does know a thing or two more than their neighbors. Never mind; he can't fool me. I put a bug in his ear; he thinks a bit more of what I told him than he lets on, and he'll have a bad night on it, all the same!"

"What does the old rascal mean? Ferguson bolted; Reginald gloomy? I recall, now, that the young man Ferguson was enthusiastic about the diamonds. Could they have tempted him, and is Reginald his accomplice? Strange, strange! The thief just at hand. There's no knowing what these youngsters, in spite of their correct and proper airs, are up to. Ha! a caller. What new development now?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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### **"True and Tried."**

Life's companionships are full of significance for the Christian as well as for the worldling. While the determination of character is ultimately found in the will of the individual, it is nevertheless true that a man's companions, even his chance acquaintances, exercise a strong influence in directing, accentuating or modifying his dominant characteristics. It is of the utmost importance, therefore, that a man should select his friends cautiously, not admitting any too close intimacy until their worth has been surely tested and their affection proved through extended trial.

## Choosing a Vocation.

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OW is the time when many of our Catholic boys and girls who have completed their studies set about choosing a vocation in which they hope to make their living and at the same time save their immortal souls. There are some, we fear, who forget that this choice is not left altogether to themselves. As it is God Who in His eternal council has prepared proper and necessary means to effect our good, so it is He Who should be consulted in the first steps we take in life; for all those motives of interest, of rank, of birth, of talent, which have usually the uppermost voice in our choice of a state of life, are but deceitful guides, and almost always induce us to make a change.

He who does not follow the will of God in his choice of a state of life is always in danger, and, on the other hand, he who follows the path which our Lord has marked out for him, is always safe.

Sometimes we see people who are very clever, people of great talent, merit and understanding, but who meet with little success. It is because God's blessing is wanting. God does not bless their work because they have entered into that state of life, into that employment without consulting God, without a vocation.

Worldly prosperity is not the only or the most important success we must seek. It is the spirit of sacrifice that gives beauty and sweetness to our lives. This spirit of sacrifice is required in every calling if we expect to make a success in it.

Perhaps some of the boys and girls who read these lines are called to a higher life. We would not breathe a word or move a finger to coax anyone into the seminary or cloister, unless we were convinced that they had a vocation for either. But to those who experience, not a passing emotion or fervor, but a strong and lasting inclination to consecrate their lives to God's service as priests or religious cannot treat this inclination lightly except at a great risk. It is God Who is calling them, it is He that has mapped out their life for them and has provided the talents and the graces necessary to make their career a successful one for time and eternity.

Besides, the Church has need of such. She needs priests and missionaries at home and abroad; she needs teachers for her schools and academies and colleges; she needs devoted men and women to take care of her sick, of her poor, of her orphans, of her stray and abandoned children.

At all events, whatever our future career may be, we are on earth to



serve God, first and last, and it is the call of God, the call of duty, that should determine a boy's or girl's choice of vocation, and not the consideration of worldly advantages alone.

### **Spiritual Communion.**

When present at the Holy Sacrifice it is well to follow the Mass as far as one can, and unite one's self to the action of the priest, rather than to occupy one's self with different devotions. Now the priest offers an oblation, recites prayers, and receives Holy Communion, therefore the laity can and ought to do the same. As the priest offers up the Son of God in sacrifice for us, so the Christian ought to make an offering of himself, to adore the Word made flesh, and to receive the Blessed Sacrament. As, however, it is not possible to communicate sacramentally every time one hears Mass, we can at least communicate spiritually—that is to say, we can awaken in ourselves a desire, a fervent longing, for Holy Communion, and beseech our Lord, Who is present under the sacramental veil to come and dwell in our hearts by His grace. This spiritual Communion will receive its completion at the conclusion of the Mass in the blessing given by the priest.

Spiritual Communion can, moreover, be made without any limit as to place. When the bell which is rung at the consecration is heard, the Christian can awaken in his soul the desire to receive his Lord. The laborer in the fields, the artisan in the factory, the sick man on his bed of pain, each and all can say within themselves: "How happy should I be, O my Lord, if I could now adore Thee in Thy temple and receive Thee sacramentally! But do Thou at least come and enter into my heart and abide with me, that the darkness may not gather round my soul. Graciously hear me, be merciful unto me! Amen."

—IF YOU believe in and love God, you will effectually believe that He loves all who are capable of His love far better than you do; and you will give, when you know all, a joyful consent to decrees which may seem to you now most hard and terrible.

—AWAY from me those who love. Severity, for I will have none of it! It is better to be obliged to account to God for too much gentleness than too much severity. Is not God all love? God the Father is the father of the wretched; God the Son is called a lamb; God the Holy Ghost manifests Himself under the form of a dove. If there were anything better than benignity Jesus Christ would have told us, and yet He gives us but two lessons to learn of Him: meekness and humility.—  
*St. Francis de Sales.*



## St. Anthony's Department



### St. Anthony's Ever Ready Help.



N 1870 I had the honor of commanding a company of the brave soldiers of Loir-et-Cher, whose bravery and heavy losses in the face of the enemy have immortalized them under the name of the "White-Caps." On the morning of the 1st of December I met at the castle of St. Pérvay, near which place we were camping, a friend, a lieutenant of the same regiment. "Glad to meet you captain," he said. "Come and take dinner with us." I gladly accepted the invitation. We were four officers seated at the table in a farm-house, at the banquet of Balthazar, at least so it appeared to us. for on the evening after the morrow one of these four was dead and the other three wounded. It was a dangerous honor to be an officer of the White-caps. We just had taken our coffee, when the bugle sounded the call of our regiment. I got up in haste and joined my company. In less than an hour we were on our way to the great plain of Patay. Here we stopped and a friend asked me for my knife. I searched all my pockets, but I could not find it. Now, I remembered having left it on the table at the moment when the bugle sounded. This knife had been given to me by my wife, and especially at this time I prized it very highly as a remembrance of her, when every moment was fraught with dangers. But how shall I recover it in such a public place. I was about to promise a good reward to the person who would return to St. Pérvay, when the low sound of the cannon was heard. The battle, which was to last for seven days, had begun, and I had no right to send away a fighting man. In this moment of utter excitement I cried out from the bottom of my heart: "Good St. Anthony, I am unable to find my knife, but what is one miracle more or less to you? Restore me my knife." On the first day our White-caps carried the town of Fanerolle. In the evening I again searched my pockets. St. Anthony had not yet heard my prayer. The next day, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, I lay wounded upon a mattress at the side of my colonel in a room of the parsonage. Unwittingly my hand touched the right pocket of my great coat, the pocket mostly used, and the first object I encounter, is my knife. St. Anthony had miraculously come to my aid. Upon my word of honor I pledge to the truth of this instance in every particular.

BARON DE MARICOURT.

(Translated from "*St. Antoine de Padoue*," by Fr. G. S., O. F. M.)

—TRUE obedience has no lead to its heels.



## **St. Francis Seraphicus College.**

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IN PART, the students shared in the blessings of the very successful mission that was conducted by three Franciscan Fathers for the men and young men of St. Francis church. On the first day of May the Rev. Fr. Isidore, one of the missionary band, delivered an eminently practical sermon to the students, in which he emphasized the necessity of genuine devotion to the Mother of God for aspirants to the ecclesiastical state. Throughout the month the students were congregated every morning before the altar of the Blessed Virgin in the College chapel, and observed the customary devotions of song and prayer in honor of the Queen of May.

Prominent visitors at our Seraphic College during the past month were the Rt. Rev. Bishop Fabiano Landi, O. F. M., of Northwest Hupe, China, and the Rev. Fr. Florentine Meyers, O. F. M., one of our zealous missionaries in New Mexico.

Wednesday, May 12th, the students enjoyed their annual field day on the beautiful grounds of St. Anthony's Convent, Mt. Airy, Ohio. The day was an ideal one. Not a cloud was seen in the heavens. The sun shone brightly and a soft, cool breeze swept over the fields, leaving nothing to be desired as far as the weather was concerned. During Mass, at 8 A. M., in the beautiful convent chapel, the students paid their tribute of love and devotion to the heavenly Queen, chanting beautiful hymns. After Mass they were out for a day of pleasure and frolic on the velvety grass of the meadows and in the shade of the adjoining woods. Baseball, football, quoits, running, jumping, singing and a few stunts with the ever-ready and omnipresent camera formed the main amusements of the day. A large tent, containing refreshments, served as restaurant and dispensary, and the good brothers carefully looked after the needs of the interior man. Baseball naturally formed the main point of attraction around which all interest seemed to center. The morning game was between the younger students, divided into two nines, known as the "Juniors" and the "Kids." The game resulted in a score of 18 to 13 in favor of the "Juniors."

At 1:30 P. M. the senior students appeared in formidable array against the members of the faculty and a number of alumni of the college. The game was an interesting one, replete with clever plays. As a matter of course it terminated in favor of the students by the score of 4 to 3, and then there was noise in the air.

After the game the students competed in a number of contests, among which are worthy of mention the tug of war, the long distance throwing, the sack races, foot races, etc.

The winners received beautiful prizes, generously donated by friends of the college. Towards evening the camera-fiend insisted on perpetuating the memory of so joyful and pleasant a day, and all present, outnumbering those of previous years, were asked to pose for their picture. A few more songs, heart-felt thanks, expressed in rousing cheers to the Rev. Fr. Guardian for his kind hospitality, and the outing of 1909 came to a glorious close. As the shades of evening were falling askance, a crowd of singing, cheering, happy, but tired boys were seen and heard wending their way down the country road, homeward bound, and all were unanimous in asserting that they had celebrated a real picnic.

The saint's day of the Rev. Vice Rector was celebrated in a very quiet manner on the 24th. In accordance with his well-known wishes, every ostentation was avoided and the students contented themselves with expressing their appreciation for the fatherly solicitude with which he is ever watching over their spiritual and temporal welfare. Father Urban replied to their felicitations with a few earnest remarks that must have found an echo in the heart of every earnest student.

June has come, the last month of the scholastic year, a busy month, fraught with many a hardship. But these days of earnest, mental labor are cheerfully endured in anticipation of that sweet rest which soon will follow at the end of the scholastic year.

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### **Sweetness of Temper.**

If women were more lovable, both home and the world would be all the fairer and sweeter. We don't stop to think whether the lovable woman is talented or beautiful. We love her for herself, for her happy qualities, for her way that scatters sunshine and dispels gloom. Some women are full of edges, they give and take offense easily. Arrogance is always an intolerable trait in woman, for it gives evidence of either a poorly trained or coarse mind. The lovable woman has smoothed and moulded her character into a thing of beauty that is, indeed, a joy forever. Instead of ugly edges she shows polished curves of beauty that speak of the gentle virtues that prevail within her and are the source from which she draws her inspiration. She rules us by winning our affections and we are happily willing to be ruled by her.

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—IF AN inclination urges us to require that things advantageous to ourselves be done quickly, we should repress it to place ourself in the virtue of holy indifference, and leave to God the care of manifesting His will, being certain that, when God desires a thing to prosper, delays do not spoil it, and that the less there is of our industry, the more there is of the wisdom and power of God.—*St. Vincent de Paul.*



# Chronicle of the Order



**Rome.**—Sunday, April 18th, in presence of three Cardinals, sixty Bishops and 30,000 pilgrims of France, the solemn ceremonies of the Beatification of the Ven. Joan of Arc, better known as the “Maid of Orleans,” took place in the great Basilica of St. Peter. The grand ceremonies began by the reading of the Papal Decree, at the last words of which the veils fell. The statue of the great heroine appeared framed with electric bulbs, the bells pealed forth, and the massed choirs intoned the “Te Deum,” which was taken up by the vast throng. Many of the pilgrims, overcome by enthusiasm, burst into frantic cheers, which were immediately suppressed.

The Bishop of Orleans then celebrated the first Pontifical Mass in honor of Blessed Joan of Arc, at which thirteen Cardinals, the sixty French Bishops and about 60,000 of the Faithful, including the French pilgrims, were present. In the afternoon, the Holy Father, Pope Pius X., entered the great Basilica, borne on the sedia gestatoria, and blessing the great multitude, went to the altar above which the picture of the new Blessed was suspended, and prayed for a long time in great silence. When leaving the great Basilica, the multitude could not repress its joyous feelings and loudly applauded the Holy Father.

On the Sunday following, April 25th, the Beatification of the Venerable Servant of God, John Eudes, founder of the Congregation of Jesus and Mary, and of the Community of Notre Dame de Charite, who died in the odor of sanctity, in the year 1680, in France, took place.

Sunday, May 2d, witnessed the solemn act of Beatification of five European missionaries and twenty-nine native Christian martyrs of India and China. The five European martyrs were the venerable Guenot, Neel, Neron and Venard, of the French Missionary Society, and Francis Capillas, a Dominican, who died for the Holy Faith in Cina.

On May 20th, the Feast of the Ascension of Our Lord, the solemn canonization of Blessed Clement Maria Hofbauer, the first German Redemptorist Father, took place. We expect to give an accurate report of this festivity in our next issue, as we were getting ready for the press when this solemnity took place in Rome.

—By Decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites under date of March 18, 1909, the Holy Father, by his apostolic authority, has approved the “Litany of St. Joseph,” composed of twenty-four invocations, and enriched the same with an indulgence of three hundred days, to be gained once a day, and applicable also to the souls detained in purgatory. In doing this, His Holiness has responded to the petitions and earnest wishes and prayers of many Prelates of the Church and Superiors of Religious Orders, first among these being the Abbot General of the Reformed Cistercians, also called Trappists.

—On April 28th the following Franciscan missionaries departed from Naples: The Rev. Fathers Christopher Fitzmaurice, of Canada, North America, and Francis Regis Vergott, of the Province of St. Leopold in Tyrol; the Brothers Valentin Sauer, of Thuringia, and Marcellin Weigert and Herculan Irlbeck, both of the Bavarian Province, all bound for Sapporo, Island of Okkido, Japan. The Rev. Fathers Cajetan Fuccini, of



Arezzo, and Pio Sabatini, of Turin, are destined for Northwest Hupe, China.

—According to latest statistics the great Franciscan Capuchin Order at present numbers fifty-five provinces, of which twenty-four are in Italy; Austria-Hungary has seven; France and Spain, each five; America, three; Germany, two; Switzerland, two; England, Ireland, Belgium, Holland and Malta, each one. The former Russian province was suppressed by the government. The Russian-Polish Province consists of three convents with 12 Fathers and 2 lay-brothers. Altogether there are 509 monasteries, 164 hospices, 62 novitiates, with a total membership of 10,108; of these 5,128 are Priests, 1,462 professed Clerics, 336 clerical Novices, 3,040 professed lay-brothers and 142 lay-novices. The Order has charge of 36 distinct missions: 6 in Europe, 10 in Asia, 3 in Africa, 13 in America, and 4 in Australia, looked after by 650 Priests and 264 lay-brothers.

**Italy.**—A Congress of the Tertiaries of the Province of Venice was opened April 29th at Vicenza, in which the Bishops of the Province and the Cardinal-Patriarch of Venice took part. The Holy Father has sent a letter of commendation to Rev. Fr. Nicholas dal Gal, O. F. M., the chief promoter of the Congress, in which His Holiness expresses his delight and approval of the undertaking and graciously bestows his blessing on the promoters of and partakers in the Congress.

**Egypt.**—From our dear friend and beloved confrère, the Rev. Fr. Godfrey Schilling, O. F. M., formerly Commissary General of the Holy Land at Washington, D. C., and now pastor of St. Joseph's church, Cairo, Egypt, we have received the official program of the dedication of the beautiful new church he built there, and of which the cornerstone had been laid already May 7, 1904.

The solemn blessing of the magnificent structure was performed March 18th by the Most Rev. Archbishop Aurelius Briante, O. F. M., Vicar and Delegate Apostolic of Egypt and Arabia. The dedication over, His Excellency celebrated the first Pontifical Highmass in the new church. In the afternoon, at five o'clock, the official opening and inspection of the grand church took place in the presence of the Representative of the Khedive, the diplomatic corps and the consuls of the various nations.

On the 19th, the Feast of St. Joseph, solemn Pontifical Highmass was celebrated at 10 o'clock by Msgr. Frediano Giannini, O. F. M., Vicar Apostolic of Syria. In the evening, at 6 o'clock, the panegyric of St. Joseph, the Patron Saint of the church, was delivered and solemn benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given. On each of the following days Holy Mass was celebrated every morning at 9 o'clock in a different Rite, and benediction bestowed at 6 o'clock p. m. On the 20th, Holy Mass was offered in the Armenian; on the 21st, in the Greek-Melchite; on the 22d, in the Maronite; on the 23d, in the Chaldaic; on the 24th, in the Syrian; on the 25th, the Feast of the Annunciation, in the Roman (Pontifical Highmass by the Rt. Rev. Custos of the Holy Land, Fr. Robert Razzoli, O. F. M.), and on the 26th, in the Coptic Rite.

In conclusion, we now give a brief description of the grand structure, which is about 182 feet long and 98 feet wide, built in the famous Florentine style of the 14th century. The church proper has three naves with a clere-story. The transept, formed by the middle nave and the choir, represents the so-called "Latin Cross." The large cupola, sur-

mounted by a gilt cross, rests upon an octagon rising 162 feet from the floor. The tower (campanile), which has no spire, is attached to one side of the choir, and is about 169 feet high. Below the church is a large crypt (basement) intended for large gatherings, conferences, etc. The façade is ornamented by three beautiful mosaics representing the "Flight into Egypt," the "Assumption of the B. V. Mary," and "St. Francis receiving the sacred stigmata." Above the main entrance is a large statue of St. Joseph carved in white marble.

We sincerely rejoice with Fr. Godfrey and congratulate him on the successful completion of the great work undertaken for the glory of God and the honor of St. Joseph.

**Ireland.**—Died March 25th, at the Franciscan Friary, Killarney, the Rev. Fr. Antonine Scannell, O. F. M., aged 65 years. For 35 years the deceased had been one of the best known and most widely respected members of the English Franciscan Province. Some six years ago, at the readjustment of the different Provinces of the Order, the convent of the English Franciscan Province at Killarney was turned over to the Irish Friars Minor, and Fr. Antonine, who happened to be residing there, elected to remain that he might end his days and lay his bones to rest in the country he so dearly loved and to which, after Heaven, he gave his heart's best love. As a lecturer, preacher and missionary, Fr. Antonine has never been excelled. During all his years, he was the great advocate of devotion to the Mother of God, and in this connection it is notable that he was called to his reward on the "Feast of the Annunciation." He was also known as a writer as well as scholar, being the author of "Lives of the Franciscan Saints," and innumerable pamphlets and literary articles. The mortal remains of good Fr. Antonine were laid to rest in the community burial ground adjoining the Friary church at Killarney. R. I. P.

**Austria.**—At Trieste the united Congregations of the Third Order have erected various buildings on land acquired for that purpose, to shelter their needy brethren. One of the houses contains a library, a hall for conferences, another hall for entertainments and an oratory. Besides this there is ample accommodation for the poor and sick brethren. Why should not other towns, larger and more wealthy, follow this good example?

**South America.**—The Third Order of St. Francis has quite a phenomenal success in the Argentine Republic and other South American states, where its members are the foremost in every good work. The Franciscan Review, "*El Plata Serafico*," published monthly by the Fathers of St. Francis Convent, Buenos Ayres, recently printed an eloquent discourse by the "Minister of State" in the Argentine Republic, Dr. Garson Marzedá, a fervent Catholic and exemplary Tertiary, on the occasion of his introduction in the Chamber of Deputies of the new law providing for religious education. His remarks were received with loud applause and the new law was passed with unanimity.

**United States—Cincinnati, O.**—Died at St. Vincent's Boys' Home, on Bank street, this city, the Ven. Brother Henry Blubaugh, O. S. F., at the age of 25 years. The young brother entered the community of the "Poor Brothers of St. Francis" August 2, 1906, so that he had scarcely completed his years of probation. In April, 1907, he was invested with the habit of St. Francis, and on Easter Sunday last he made his perpetual vows,

because it was feared he would not live to make them at the time prescribed by the Rule of the Order. The burial took place at Mt. Alverno, Delhi, O., after a Requiem Highmass had been sung in the chapel of the Boys' Protectors. R. I. P.

**Boston, Mass.**—The Church of St. Leonard of Port Maurice, this city, which is in charge of Italian Franciscan Fathers of the Custody of the Immaculate Conception, was the scene of an impressive ceremony recently, when the ordination to the sacred priesthood of the Franciscan Cleric, Fr. Anthony Murphy, took place. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Fabiano Landi, O. F. M., Vicar Apostolic of Northwest Hupe, China, under whom Fr. Anthony will serve, performed the ceremony of ordination. God bless the youthful missionary!

**Washington, D. C.**—His Excellency, Msgr. Diomed Falconio, O. F. M., Apostolic Delegate, has accepted the invitation of the former Alumni to attend the *Golden Jubilee* of the American College in Rome, to be held the first week in June, and to be their guest on the Cunard steamer *Carpathia*, which has been specially chartered by them. The party sailed from New York on Thursday, May 20th, will land at Naples and from there proceed directly to Rome.

Before leaving, His Excellency has emphatically stated that he will return to the United States, and that all the widely circulated reports to the contrary are absolutely without foundation. He will reach the Apostolic Legation about July 15th. Bon voyage!

**Lafayette, Ind.**—The handsome new school building erected by St. Boniface parish on North street, west of the church, was solemnly dedicated Sunday, April 25th, in the presence of an immense concourse of people, by the Rev. Leonard Nurre, O. F. M., Pastor of St. Boniface's. The exercises began with solemn Vespers in the church at 2:30 o'clock, after which a large procession, composed of acolytes, the clergy and the faithful wended its way to the new school building, where the solemn functions of the dedication took place. The address was delivered by Rev. Fr. Bonaventure Hammer, O. F. M.

The new school building is one of the finest in the diocese of Fort Wayne, and was erected at a cost of \$30,000. Work on the structure was begun last July. It is built of stone and brick, the design or style being most pleasing, has two stories, containing eight large class rooms, well lighted and ventilated, and broad corridors. The basement will be used for society and club rooms for young men. The main entrance on North street is very elegant, having large doors and fine art-glass windows. The great assembly hall, situated in the rear of the class rooms, easily seats 700 people. Special attention has been paid to sanitation, ventilation, light and heating arrangements of the entire building. It is not only a credit to the parish, but also an ornament to the city, proclaiming aloud the generosity of the congregation and the zeal of its pastor for the cause of Christian education.

**St. Louis, Mo.**—(Correspondence, May 16, '09.)—On April 14th, Fr. Eustace Brueggemann celebrated at Chaska, Minn., the "golden jubilee" of his religious profession. The event was celebrated in a quiet manner.

—On April 21st the City of Cleveland, O., was visited by a tornado, which, though of short duration, nevertheless caused great damage. The



beautiful church of St. Stanislaus, which a few years ago was given in charge of the Franciscan Fathers, happened to be in the path of the storm and was severely damaged. The two stately towers were blown over upon the church; they crashed through the roof, breaking two large stained-glass windows, ruining about 40 pews and damaging some statues. The six bells were torn from their mountings and hurled to the ground, in their downward plunge completely wrecking the organ. Three of the bells were broken by the fall. The forepart of the church suffered no injury. The storm occurred about 12:30 p. m. and lasted three minutes; the loss is estimated at about \$28,000.00; fortunately it is almost completely covered by the insurance. The storm occasioned the loss of one life in the parish; a small boy who happened to be passing the church at the time was so injured by the fallen debris that he died the same evening. Providentially a rain preceded the tornado and drove the school children (about 1,500) into the school; otherwise the list of casualties might have been frightful, as the children had been playing near the church a few minutes before. Fr. Theobald Kalamaja, the pastor, happened to be away when the storm came up. A neighboring priest had called at the residence to see one of the Fathers; he sat at Fr. Theobald's desk, when the sudden intense darkness caused him to arise and go to another room. He had hardly gone, when a large stone from the tower came crashing through the roof; it completely demolished the chair upon which a moment before the priest had sat, tore a hole in the floor and lodged in the cellar. The large new school building remained intact, only a few windows being broken. The work of removing the debris was begun at once and the repairing of the roof and towers will soon be taken up. The spires, however, will not be rebuilt, the towers being made to end with the brick work. In the meantime services are being held in the basement of the church.

—On May 9, 10 and 11 the 17th annual meeting of the Catholic Union of Missouri was held in the Church of the Franciscan Fathers at Washington, Mo. The Very Rev. Fr. Michael Richardt, of Joliet, Ill., preached the sermon at the opening of the convention, explaining in his usual lucid, forcible and exhaustive style the necessity of Catholics to profess their religion.

—The Very Rev. Fr. Peter Baptist Englert, of the Cincinnati Province, ex-Definitor General and Guardian of the Convent at Louisville, Ky., has been appointed by the Most Rev. Fr. General as Visitor of the Sacred Heart Province and President of the Chapter which is to be held some time this summer. The Very Rev. Father set out immediately on his mission and is at present visiting the houses in Arizona; he will then proceed to California, Oregon and Washington, after which he will visit the central states.

—The following missions and retreats were conducted by the Fathers during the past few months:

*Missions*—At Chatham, Minn., January 3-10, by Fr. Titus Hugger; at Rosen, Minn., Jan. 3-9, by Fr. Daniel Finkenhoefer; at Nassau, Minn., Jan. 10-17, by Fr. Daniel; at Chicago, St. Paul's, February 28 to March 14, by Fathers Daniel and Titus; at Sharpsburg, Pa., March 21 to April 4, by the same Fathers; at Marathon, Wis., April 11-18, by Fr. Daniel; at Halder, Wis., April 25 to May 2, by Fr. Daniel; at East Jordan, Mich.,

April 18-25, by Fr. Titus; at Hot Springs, Ark., early in May, by Fr. Titus; at Indianapolis, Ind., Sacred Heart's, May 9-23, by Fathers Daniel and Pancratius Schulte.

*Retreats*—At Joliet, Ill., Academy, February 27 to March 6, by Fr. Hilary Kieserling, of St. Louis; at Springfield, Ill., St. John's Hospital, April 16-22, by Fr. Hilary; at St. Louis, Mt. St. Rose Hospital, March 21-25, by Fr. Hilary; at St. Louis, Motherhouse of the Notre Dame Sisters, March 25 to April 1, by Fr. Edmund Roediger, of Teutopolis, Ill.; at Springfield, Ill., Hospital, May 7-13, by Fr. Edmund; at St. Louis, St. Elizabeth's Institute, May 5-9, by Fr. Hugo Fessler, of Indianapolis; at Joliet, Hospital, early in May, by the Very Rev. Fr. Michael Richardt; and again by the same Father for the Poor Clares at Chicago during the week after May 16.

—On April 24 Fr. Suitbert Albersmann died at Jordan, Minn., after a long illness. Fr. Suitbert was born at Melle, Hanover, December 11, 1851, entered the Order at Warendorf, Westphalia, May 24, 1870, and was ordained June 18, 1878, at St. Louis. He labored in various places, especially at Cleveland, O., Wien and Hermann, Mo.; for the past few years he had charge of one of the stations belonging to Jordan. R. I. P.

—On May 9 Fr. Camillus Wenzel died at St. Joseph's, Cleveland, in the 80th year of his age, in the 55th of his religious profession and in the 35th of his priesthood. Over a year ago he received a paralytic stroke, from which he never recovered. Fr. Camillus was born in Langenbielau, Silesia, entered the Order in Germany, and at an early date came to America, where he labored for a number of years in the College at Teutopolis, Ill., and later on in the Quincy College. For the last 25 years he has been stationed at St. Joseph's church, Cleveland. R. I. P.

—On May 14 Brother Lambert Igelhorst died at Joliet, Ill., after a lingering illness, in the 66th year of his age and the 35th of his religious profession. Brother Lambert spent many years in the Quincy College; he was an expert machinist and the author of several inventions. His appearance always attracted the attention of the students, for he was of stubby figure, had a determined expression of the face, and mostly had his pockets filled with all kinds of machinist's tools. He was beloved by all. During the past few years he was greatly troubled with rheumatism, but he bore his pains with great patience and died an edifying death. R. I. P.

(Fr. M. S., O. F. M.)

## Obituary.

Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of MRS. SOPHIA BOEHLER, née Jung, who departed this life April 16, 1909, at Raymond, Ill., aged 66 years, 2 months and 3 days. She was a devout Christian, and the mother of our Ven. Confrère, Brother Ewald, O. F. M.—MRS. MARY MADIGAN, who died April 22, 1909, at Chicago, Ill., a devout member of the Pious Union and great venerator of St. Anthony.—MRS. CATHERINE MCFARLAND, who died May 2, 1909, at Knoxville, Tenn. She was very devoted to St. Anthony, and had been a subscriber to the "MESSENGER" since 1893.—MRS. SOPHIE MEYER, née Wochner, who passed to her reward May 5, 1909, at Bloomington, Ill., at the age of 66 years, 1 month and 5 days. She was a devout Catholic, a pious Christian Mother and a faithful member of the Ill. O. since 1887.

May their souls and the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



## Thanksgivings for Favors Received

are inserted in this column *free of charge*, provided the favor is clearly stated, the name and address of the sender given in full, and when received before the 15th of the month. If the "favor received" is not explicitly mentioned, it will be published — but under the heading of "Thanksgivings Not Specified".

*Covington, Ky., April 15, 1909.* Pursuant to promise, I desire to make acknowledgment, through the columns of the MESSENGER, for the blessing and favor of increased and needed employment almost immediately on conclusion of a novena of the "Nine Tuesdays" in honor of good St. Anthony, and through his intercession. B.

*Indianapolis, Ind., April 16, 1909.* Enclosed offering to St. Anthony's poor students is in thanksgiving to the dear Saint for the success of an operation, which has made possible the cure of a disease of long standing. M. G. C.

*Orange, N. J., April 18, 1909.* For having obtained work, I sincerely thank the B. V. M., St. Joseph and St. Anthony, and enclose alms for the poor students. P. Mc. C.

*Dayton, O., April, 19, 1909.* Sincere thanks to good St. Anthony for his assistance in finding a lost receipt, and for other favors. A. H.

*Buffalo, N. Y., April 22, 1909.* About two years ago I sent my requests to be placed before the statue of St. Anthony in your oratory, and promised enclosed offering, also publication, if I should be cured of various very serious ailments, viz.: heart trouble, nervousness and failing sight. Thanks to St. Anthony and the prayers offered in my behalf, I am quite well and strong again, and gratefully fulfill my promise. M. D.

*Cincinnati, O., April 24, 1909.* Thanks to St. Joseph, St. Anthony and the Poor Souls for increase of salary for my son. This offering is in accordance with promise made sometime ago. C. K.

*Carrollton, Ill., April 21, 1909.* With sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart, the B. V. Mary, St. Joseph and St. Anthony, I enclose an offering promised, if I should obtain an official position, which I did. P. S.

*Attleboro, Mass., April 24, 1909.* Thanks

to the Sacred Heart and good St. Anthony for getting back a sum of money loaned out, and for many other favors. I enclose alms promised for poor students. M. E. M.

*Fosters, O., April 27, 1909.* My good mother had lost her mind last fall, and I sent a request to St. Anthony, to obtain relief for her. Thanks to God and dear St. Anthony, she is again able to take care of herself. Enclosed alms is for your poor students. M. W.

*Louisville, Ky., April 28, 1909.* To secure a position, I made a novena in honor of St. Anthony, and promised him my first week's salary, if I should be successful. Thanks to the dear Saint, I have a fine position, and I herewith gladly fulfill my promise. C. Z.

*Lincoln, Neb., April 29, 1909.* Some time since we promised a certain amount for St. Anthony's bread, if my husband obtained the work he desired. Thanks to the S. Heart, the B. V. Mary, St. Anthony and the Poor Souls, he secured it and more, too. Find offering enclosed. M. B. M.

*Echo Lake, N. J., April 30, 1909.* Enclosed alms was promised, if a young man should obtain steady employment, which he did. With many thanks to good St. Anthony, I fulfill my promise. J. C. S.

*Phoenix, Ariz., May 8, 1909.* Sincere thanks to the B. V. Mary, St. Joseph and St. Anthony for saving my children from diphtheria and for procuring work for my husband. Enclosed alms, promised last winter, in case my petitions were granted, is for the poor students. L. H.

*Cincinnati, O., May 8, 1909.* Many thanks to the B. V. Mary, St. Anthony and the Poor Souls for the speedy restoration to health of my mother, and for securing a good position for myself. Enclosed alms and publication having been promised, I gratefully fulfill my obligation. S. J. E.



*Thanksgivings Not Specified:*

C. S., Calumet, Mich.—J. J. E., Chicago, Ill.—M. C. Yankton, S. Dak.—N. T., Pontiac, Ill.—E. J. B., Cincinnati, O.—J. S., San Antonio, Tex.—C. O'C., Prince Albert, Sask.—M. M., Artesian, S. Dak.—M. K., Co. Sligo, Ireland.—N. H., Sioux Falls, S. Dak.—A. M. F., Soldiers Grove, Wis., Lebanon, O.—M. M., Toledo, O.—T. M., Norwood, O.—J. F. H., Cincinnati, O.—W. L. L., Louisville, Ky.—A. C., New York City.—P. P. C., Toronto, O.—T. S., New York City.—A. F. B., Vulcan, Mich.—E. J. B., Shenandoah, Pa.—J. M., Hancock, Mich.—M. M., Cincinnati, O.—E. E., Norwood, O.—H. McD., Shenandoah, Pa.—P. E. M., Clarion, O.—D. M., Philadelphia, Pa.—L. G., Terre Hill, Pa.—M. B., West Chazy, N. Y.—A. A. R., Marshall, Tex.—M. B., Weir, Kans.—B. A. M., Madison, Ind.—T. P. F., Greenville, Tex.—C. S., Erie, Pa.—S. McF., Centralia, Wash.—J. M. B., Peoria, Ill.—F. C., Negaunee, Mich.—M. M. L., Watertown, S. Dak.—H. D., East Grand Forks, Minn.—L. F., Cincinnati, O.—L. H., Tampa, Fla.—T. K., Stevens Point, Wis.

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## Monthly Intentions.

*Recommended in a Special Manner to the Intercession of St. Anthony and to the Prayers of His Devoted Clients.*

Conversion of several persons to the Catholic faith.—Grace of Holy purity.—Successful sale of house.—Grace of a happy death.—To obtain a better position.—To obtain good health.—To obtain good and steady employment.—That a son may fulfill his religious duties.—Success of a business.—Peace and contentment of mind.—Protection against storms and blessing of a good crop.—Peaceful and satisfactory settlement of a business.—To obtain means to pay debts.—Peace and union of a family.—The return of loaned money.—Successful sale of property.—Cure of severe nervousness.—To obtain a house near Catholic church and school.—To overcome an evil temper.—Successful and just termination of several law suits.—Success in studies and examinations.—Return of two brothers to their faith.—Reconciliation of several families.—Intentions of a Priest.—Restoration of failing eyesight.—Recovery of a daughter from a prolonged sickness.—To obtain good and permanent tenants.—Protection against fire and storms.—Reform of many persons, grace to avoid evil company, become temperate and return to the practice of their religious duties.—Assistance for the poor Catholic Indian Schools.—Many special, spiritual and temporal intentions.—All intentions recommended to the "Pious Union of St. Anthony."—All intentions placed at the foot of the statue of St. Anthony in our oratory.—All readers, contributors and zealous agents of *ST. ANTHONY'S MESSENGERS*.—The First Communicants.—Conversion of sinners.—The Poor Souls.

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## Days of Indulgences in June.

On the 6th. Feast of the Blessed Trinity.  
 On the 10th. Feast of Corpus Christi.  
 On the 13th. St. Anthony of Padua. A Plenary Indulgence also for the members of the Pious Union of St. Anthony.  
 On the 18th. Feast of the Sacred Heart. **General Absolution.**  
 On the 19th. Bl. Micheline, W. III. O.  
 On the 24th. St. John the Baptist.  
 On the 29th. Saints Peter and Paul, Apostles.  
 On the day of the monthly meeting for the members of the III. Order who have confessed, received, visited the church, and prayed for the Holy Father's intentions.

One other day which they might select, each month, on same conditions.

As often as they recite the Franciscan Crown or Rosary.

As often as they recite the "Our Father," "Hail Mary," and "Glory be to the Father," etc., five times for the safety of the Church, and once for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff.

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**Monthly Patron: ST. ANTHONY.**







ST. MARY MAGDALEN, PENITENT.